

The Good News

in grad school was
God Is Dead.

We became triumphant--
not really much fun
after all

was said and done,
and said--

then orgiastic,
& then hung over

art hardened to dogma,
making theologians

comfortable, know-
ing that course

has more green than rough.
We stroked listlessly, after

landing in sexual traps
& rehabs. Until the grief
was not worth the caddy.

God has reprised his standup,
tighter than ever,

flocking us with the most
deadly and meretricious

shepherds the world
has yet stomached.

But hey, be cool. All's
a cycle & we'll come
back. Already planning

to be robbed of our jewels
in the seediest Vegas room.